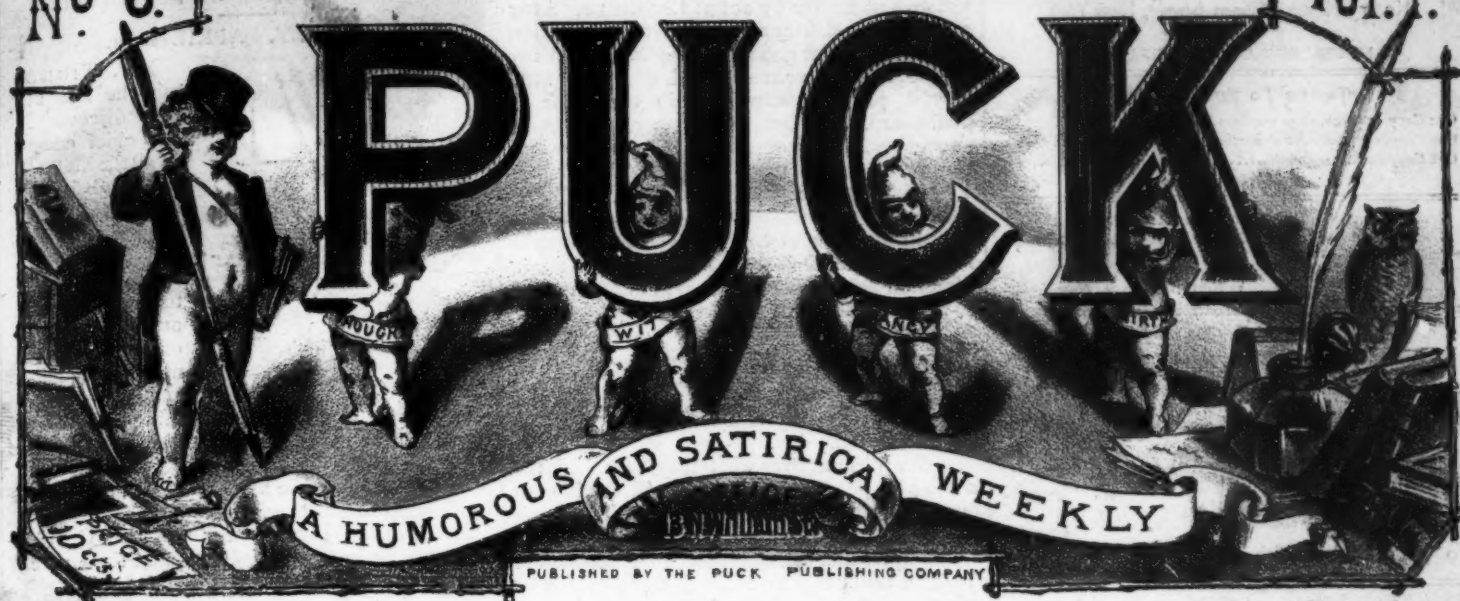


NEW YORK, APRIL 1877.

No. 6.

Vol. 1.



John Morrissey, in his Celebrated Character of "Pecksniff."



"He was a Direction-Post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there."

(See DICKENS' "Martin Chuzzlewit.")

"PUCK",
No. 13 North William Street, New York

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Editor "Puck",
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

PUCK takes pleasure in announcing that the next number will contain a new and characteristic poem by

BRET HARTE,

entitled:

"AN IDYLL OF THE ROAD,"

to be published with appropriate illustrations.

PUCK'S CARTOONS.

IN THE SPRING.

IN the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love,
And all animated creatures to the same emotion move.

In the spring the birds of passage woo their mates upon the wing,
And the kite deserts the small boy weeping o'er the broken string.

In the spring the mother beckons—calls the darling to her knee—
Waves her silken slipper, saying: "Don't you play no tricks on me!"

In the spring the mild canary carols from his happy heart,
And the mild mule kicks his owner over the potato cart.

In the spring the turkey stupid roosts with Cupid on a limb;
E'en the lizard in his gizzard feels the wizard poking him.

In the spring the life throbs quicker in the pulse of innocence,
And the bootjack seeks the cats conversing on the moon-lit fence.

In the spring the housewife tries to make the turkey-gobbler set,
And sows cabbage-seed on flower-beds, thinking it is mignonette.

In the spring the youth and maiden linger in the evening air.
And she sighs, in broken accents: "Joseph! don't you muss my hair!"

In the spring they saunter homewards, never dreaming it is late,
And each keepeth each from falling as they swing upon the gate.

JOHN MORRISSEY AS PECKSNIFF.

SENATOR MORRISSEY is certainly one of the most prominent members of the New York Legislature, both by his reforming proclivities, and the forcible manner and knock-down arguments, with which he has been accustomed to ventilate his enterprising ideas.

Go ahead, Senator Morrissey, continue to

smash up rings; punish fraud; make everybody virtuous and sober by act of Legislature. After a time you will become such a personification of gentleness and goodness, and have so many followers under your standard, that your little playful, private amusements in the shape of pools, faro, or roulette, will rather have to be encouraged than otherwise. All work and no play would make John Morrissey a dull boy. You might serve as a guide to our city officials (Mayor Ely and Comptroller Kelly look at you half in doubt and half in wonder), were it not that, like Dickens's *Pecksniff*, you are a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place and never going there.

THE HAT OF THE FUTURE.

As old Sol is once more beginning to exert his sway, new spring and summer hats will be the order of the day.

A fleecy cloud over what may be called the north-pole of pale Luna suggested the idea to our artist, who has playfully depicted that luminary in a hat—notwithstanding the assertion of astronomers that the moon has no atmosphere. There is absolutely no limit to the possibilities of our artist's hat, or the uses to which it may be applied—a substitute for a family umbrella, a parachute escape, a lamp-shade over the family "poker" table (in which case the hat should be of chip); a flirtation-tent, and a wheat-sieve for a Connecticut farmer; but ladies shouldn't wear it at the theatre, or they'll run the chance of its causing a striking sensation among irate playgoers.

A KIND OF WRITER.

(For whom the cap may fit.)

HIS fame is great, and still it grows,
As many a rural reader knows.
He stands to-day, report avers,
The idol of his publishers.
His printed sermons—are they not
Beloved in every modest cot,
Where horrid culture does not dare
Pollute the chaste domestic air,
And where in thoughts and deeds we trace
The nameless charm of common-place?

His moral fictions—who shall say
What limit bounds their social sway?
No foolish wit deforms his page,
No worldly wisdom, grossly sage;
No mere analysis we find
Of motive, character and mind;
No idle contrasts of the sad
With mirthful, of the good with bad;
And less than all herein has part
The soiling touch of pagan art!

But only in his work we meet
Counsels monotonously sweet;
The Ten Commandments, well descried,
Condescendingly amplified;
Truisms, old as they are true,
Repolished till they look like new;
"Cheerful philosophy," that throws
Its gracious light on human woes,
And giving honest doubt its curse,
Kindly explains the universe!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

It is now clearly ascertained that nobody is responsible for the Jewett tragedy, except the deadly weapons themselves. They were observed sliding in from neighboring stores the previous evening, but no more was thought of it than if they were so many cats. They lay under the bureau and concealed their insidious purpose till the time came, when they jumped out and made the terrible havoc that has been recorded.

PUCK'S ESSENTIAL OIL OF ALBANY.

ASSEMBLY. APRIL 11TH.



MR. TIGHE said he had at last discovered the chief cause of all the ills that flesh is heir to, the "true inwardness" of the existence of fraudulent Returning-Boards, and the reason of the postponement of the millennium—everything was owing

to George W. Blunt, Secretary of the Pilot Commissioners, who had violated every known and unknown law, both in and out of Christendom, by disregarding acts regulating pilotage.

DR. POLAR HAYES considered that G. W. Blunt was an angel in top-boots, and the House seemed to think so too.

APRIL 12TH.

More lively times—a fight over money for canals.

MR. SPINOLA raised so many points of order, that he might have been mistaken for a porcupine, and ultimately asserted that the Chair was drunk, or mad, or idiotic.

MR. STRAHAN objected to fooling buffoonery, &c.

MR. RUGGLES moved that everybody and everything lie on the table. Agreed to.

SENATE. APRIL 12TH.

MR. MORRISSEY, in the course of the New York local government bill debate, said, he always stuck to his party. Tammany might go to where it pleased for what he cared. It mustn't get in the way of the people. Tammany was very, very wicked, in fact it made him (Morrissey) blush to think of its iniquities.

MR. BIXBY considered that all Democrats ought to vote for the bill. John Kelly might get his walking papers, but they'd better sacrifice fifty Kellys than their democracy.

RATHER COOL.

A MR. SNOW lectured to the people of a Wisconsin village the other evening on "Dogs." Before he got a quarter through, the evident indifference and coolness of his audience made him angry, and he launched out into a tirade against Wisconsin audiences in general, until a man in the front-seat interrupted him with, "You needn't be so touchy about it. If the audience is cold, you're to blame for it."

"How's that?" asked the lecturer.

"Why, you carry two feet of Snow with you wherever you go, don't you?"

The lecturer collapsed and left town by the midnight train.

PROFESSOR LEWIS SWIFT, of Rochester, has discovered a new comet asleep under Cassiopeia's chair. It is about as large as the little red parasite that feeds on the Nebraska grasshopper, and its finder claims that it has an eye like a ferret's, a shock of scarlet hair, and a tail like an Angora cat's.

Yes, certainly; you are right, Mary Jane; the host ought to make the best after-dinner speech—for he has the most response-ability.

OF course the telephone can't produce II Trovatore,—not—that—is—you know—not if it is constant and regular in its opera-shuns.

Puckerings.

The Sun says:

Mayor Ely has received several letters complaining of the filthy condition of the streets. An anonymous writer of one of them said that the Police Commissioners should be assassinated because they had neglected to clean the streets.

If all our public officials who did not do their duty were assassinated, the country would be almost depopulated.

A FRIENDLY newspaper remarks:

When in church do not chew tobacco and spit over the floor. You would not do that in your own house.

How can you tell what we do in our own house, and by what right to you assume that we wouldn't chew tobacco, and spit over the floor? We shall continue to do as we please, and will not be bulldozed into adopting a country exchange's notion of etiquette.

AN Exchange says:

Don't judge a man by his family-connections, for Cain belonged to a very respectable family.

Certainly he did, to the first family in the world.

AFTER he had extracted the bone from his esophagus, he came back to the table, his eyes red, and a truant tear trembling on his nose. "Remember, Larry," remarked his father in a didactic tone of voice, "that you can't hev hollerbut without bones." The boy fiercely seized his nose with his handkerchief, wrenched therefrom the pearl of sorrow, and replied, "Can too! I have seen a holler butt that hadn't not a bone in it—not a blessed thing, but beer!" And he dodged a boiled potato that came spinning through the morning air, and struck the visitor in the stomach.

At the recent lecture by Gen. Newton, on explosions, at the Cooper Institute, old Peter Cooper, of inflation fame, grew so frightened at the pieces of things flying about, that he dodged behind a pillar, and waited in fear, and trembling for the affair to blow over. "Anybody, who wants to come up, and examine into this thing, is welcome to do it," he thought, "but I'll be blowed if I do." And when it was all over, he sat down on his cushion with the contented air of one who had contributed no small share to the advancement of science.

SINCE a recent decision in a civil-damages suit in Brooklyn, many men have determined to provide for their families by drinking themselves to death. All they have to do is to confine their patronage to one saloon. A few dollars will suffice to effect the desired end. The process is a pleasant one, and is altogether preferable to ordinary life insurance. A verdict against a thriving saloon-keeper is better than a due policy in most insurance offices.

THERE would appear to be but one objection to playing poker with a blind man. Whenever you feel disposed to go so much better, it would be impossible for him to "see" you.

THE Rev. Wm. McCaffrey is the latest disciple of Mr. Beecher, whose flock has come to his vindication, and passed resolutions establishing his purity. "To err is human, to forgive divine," is all well enough in its way, but isn't it encouraging human error a trifle too much to keep on forgiving divines in this way?

AFTER "Don Carlos," with its inquisitorial tortures, gridirons, etc., we are to have more Wagner. Out of the frying-pan into the Fryer.

THE *Herald* is of opinion that Anna is good at analectic work.

BECAUSE the Widow Oliver is a grass widow, does it necessarily follow that her suit against Simon Cameron is a grass-plot? At all events, he's garden' against it.

MISS DICKINSON called Mr. Schwab "Mr. Winter's feeder." Judging from the attenuated appearance of Mr. Winter, Mr. Schwab does not do his duty.

MISS DICKINSON brought the critics to book, but did not succeed in bringing the public to book seats.

ALEXIS refers to his papa as "My Awful Dad."

"FIGHTING parsons" may properly be defined as "men of sassy-dotal tendencies."

So the city licenses are all null and void. It is an awful thought to reflect that we have been quenching our thirst illegally for six years.

ONE would suppose that, down in Louisiana, with plenty of Nicholls and Pack-cards, they might at least play a game of draw.

It is not surprising that the *Herald* should be so excited on the subject of hydrophobia. It knows how widespread is the danger, for all its staff have the disease.

A DARING CAPTURE.

I HAD just landed from the steamer, and was passing what seemed to be a bank. It was now broad daylight. I saw distinctly five masked men at work among a number of safes. Presently there was a slight explosion. I perceived that one of the safes had been blown open. It certainly looked suspicious. On the corner I saw a police-officer. I hailed him. He came quickly. I said to myself "how prompt this, the finest force in the world to stop the career of crime." He came straight up to me, drew his club, and hit me an awful rap on the head. "Take that," says he, "for disturbing the slumbers of the poor laboring men of a Sunday morning. Have ye no regard for the quiet and pace of the Sabbath in a Christian land?"

Just then the burglars, or those who seemed burglars, five in number, emerged from the building, heavily laden with sacks of silver coin. I heard the chink as they passed by. I raised my arm to point them out to the officer who stood guard over me. He hit that arm an awful rap; "Is it threatenen me, ye are," said he, "if ye raises so much as a finger I'll blow yer brains out wid me pistil."

Said I, "w—what have I done?" "Done!" said he, "why didn't ye kape on the right side of the walk, and turn yer toes in? What did ye spit on the pavement for, and kick a dog? What's that ye's got now in that carpet-bag? Give it to me!" and he snatched for the bag and knocked me down again with his club. Then he opened it by cutting the bottom out, put three neckties and a bottle of pomade in his pocket. "What is this?" says he, taking out a pair of glove-stretchers. "They're my glove-stretchers," says I, making a motion to get up. Then he clubbed me all over. "Glove-stretchers be—" says he, "that's what ye opened the safe of the National Bank wid. That's the new machine ye've got for indacent purposes. Come along wid me! I wan't ye's."

Well, he took me to the station-house. When the Captain and Sergeant saw me brought in, they made a rush for me. They clubbed

me about half-an-hour. Then they went and hung their clubs up, and says the Captain: "What is the charge against this man?" "Ill-tratin' an officer on duty. Drunk and disorderly. Suspicious actions. Looked at a house as if he wanted to break in. Resistin' an officer. Shure he's a desperate blaggard, that he is. I continded wid him near an hour, and not a soul to help me."

I was about to speak, when I got another rap on the jaw from the officer who was nearest me. Then they took down their clubs and examined their pistols.

"And look now at this," said the vigilant officer, who had arrested me, showing my glove-stretchers to the rest. The finest police in the world clustered about the instrument, and I heard the following remarks: "That is what he broke open the bank with." "That's what they got old Tweed out with." "It is clever, very clever."

Detective Ignawk came in. He looked at me for a moment steadily; "It is him sure," he remarked, "it's Jimmy the Dodger. Can't you see the resemblance? The Dodger had an eye. This fellow has an eye. The Dodger had two eyes. This fellow has two eyes. The Dodger had a stomach. Evidently this man has a stomach. Why, the resemblance is perfect. But I will make assurance doubly sure," said Detective Ignawk. "The Dodger would holler, if you only clubbed him sufficiently. Boys, turn to, and club this man, and see if he won't holler."

Then they took down their clubs, and clubbed me black-and-blue, until I "hollered." "It's Jimmy the Dodger," said Detective Ignawk, and they hung their bruised clubs up.

Next day the papers remarked that "the boldness and bravery of Officer McPhiggins, and the sagacity of Detective Ignawk, in following out the faintest of all possible clues through its many labyrinths and turnings, had resulted in the capture of that notorious burglar, Jimmy the Dodger."

PRENTICE MULFORD.

THE PUZZLED SQUIRE.

THE Squire had made a glorious speech
To a thousand men or more,
And their plaudits shook the earth beneath,
And made the welkin roar.

He had no hearer more entranced
Than good old Squire Klein,
Who long, but vainly, had essayed
As an orator to shine.

Whose language was conglomerate,
Whose literary guide
Was "Graydon's Forms,"* a handy tome
Kept ever at his side.

For he had writs and deeds to frame,
And mortgage, bond, and lease,
And the book was all-in-all to him,
This Justice of the Peace.

He waited till the throng dispersed,
And sought the speaker's side;
"Chuch Wright," he said, "I like dot speech,
And I feel joost satisfied.

"Aldough the sun vos awful hot,
Und I vos awful warm,
I dink dot vos a shplendit speech;
But—were you got de form?"

GATH BRITTLE.

* A convenient work containing the skeletons of legal documents, such as writs, mortgages, deeds, &c. Used in Pennsylvania. The incident above related is strictly true, as a score of the older citizens of Allentown, Pa., will bear witness.

SOME NEW EPITAPHS.

1.

HERE lies the body of Mary Hatch,
Who has ended life's strange story.
She slipped, one day, on a parlor-match,
And was carried off to glory.

2.

Here rests my wife, Maria Bell,
The sweetest of her sex.
I never loved a dear gazelle,
But it handed in its checks.

3.

This stone is sacred to Horace Munn,
Who could eat from dawn till the set of sun.
One day he eat till he fairly bust;
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

4.

Beneath this stone sleeps Martha Briggs,
Who was blest with more heart than brain.
She lighted a kerosene-lamp at the stove,
And physicians was in vain.

5.

This monument is erected
To Ebenezer Brown,
By the stricken bar-tenders
Of his native town.

6.

Here sleeps John Murphy of Kilkenny;
In person he was long
And thin.
His troubles in the world were many,
But he suffered and was strong
(Of gin).

7.

Beneath this grave-slab rests in peace
Our aged cook, Jane Skinner.
The stern death-angel snatched her off
While shelling peas for dinner.

HUGH HOWARD.

ETHEREAL MILDNESS COME AGAIN!

SPRING has been sprung upon us by this capricious April, who forgets her customary coyness, and would, if she could, give voice to "Il Segreto"—"it is better to laugh than be crying."

Why, then, kill the fatted lamb, and let us stuff it with pistachio-nuts, or deluge it with mint-sauce, and be thankful. Do you know I really think we are not sorry that violets are in season, and that the time has come when we can shake the sawdust out of our dolls prior to a fresh filling in the autumn. If we were all the operatic Wilhelm Meister, we would rush down to the footlights and pour out our vocal throats in a spring song of

"O mon cœur,
O—o—o—o—o printemps!"

But as we have no Capoul-ary attraction (and no voice), we content ourselves with doing neither that—nor anything else.

For spring induces laziness, and between the swallows of molasses and sulphur, which we consent to take out of consideration for our family, we indulge in the retrospect that laziness implies.

Let us retrospect while the goose of the tailor hangs as high as spring custom demands, and the trees are shooting forth their buds below the torch holding the hand of la Liberté in Madison square.

Before we rush into the summer solstice, with its old concerts, after the red has faded out of

the sky, at Gilmore's Garden, and its new café chantant proceedings, while the stars twinkle through the warm night near Central Park, let us be retrospective.

As to what? The theatres will do for a beginning. But let the real tragedy of the Brooklyn fire be a blank, and whisper the names of its victims à *bouche fermée*.

If our mind dwells ever so lightly on Bret Harte's heroic failure of "The Two Men of Sandy Bar," we shall see the face of one of them, however. For Murdoch pressing, as *Sandy Morton*, the flower to his lips which the schoolmistress has placed again in his keeping, is a picture that is not to be effaced, and as it appears, hallowed by time and his sad fate, I seem to hear the tender voice of Mary Cary, softly repeating: "I give you back the flower you gave me this morning; it has withered on my breast."

In the same house another picture was photographed upon the memory, for there the wonderful face of Clara Morris glowed and paled, as children's voices and a husband's new-found happiness swept *Miss Multon's* heart-strings; and yet another, which is still a thing of the present, shows its sympathetic outlines, where Sara Jewett weeps and Morant storms imperiously, and, like a pillar of strength in a storm of human pride and almost hopeless passion, *Osip's* sacrifice over self is illustrated by Charles Thorne.

These sweet bells, jangled in the potpourri of a hasty review, would be incomplete, did not Coghlan's entree as *Alfred Evelyn* stand clearly defined, like a *silhouette*, where mostly all else were blank. Yet again we see this real acquisition to our stage in the picturesque dress of *Orlando*, or, in contrast to this last stalwart figure, watch him—"a fine puss-gentleman who's all perfume"—in the dainty garb of *Surface*. Do not tell me that we shall lightly dismiss the remembrance of Emily Rigl's grace—as *Grace*—nor forget with what incarnate *brío* Miss Davenport swept on to the stage in "The Princess Royal." Yea, though all the rest be "Blue Life" and "Glass," or *vice versa*—there are dainty cabinet-pictures in that Fifth Avenue framework.

Nor Barrett, following hard upon "Sardanapalus;" nor Aimée, touching the old man Adam in the new man Lecocq's music; nor Wallack as "The Awful Dad;" nor "Forbidden Fruit," with its neat perspective of Montague, Beckett, Arnott, Miss Dyas, and Effie Germon, and its glorious and unanswerable "Charge it to Buster!" can ever "minister to us that sweet sleep which we owed yesterday."

Pourquoi?

Because it is spring, and there's the humor of it!

We know that McCullough is bearing on his broad shoulders the world of the legitimate drama, which is freshly discovered annually; we know that Wallack is skipping his *pas de fascination* in "The Awful Dad;" we know that "Our Boarding House" has still a first-floor front in the orchestra-stalls; but spring is here, and we want to be a madrigal boy.

The life of a madrigal boy is supposed to be passed between singing, "Spring, gentle spring," and traveling, by the kind permission of Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer, on the Plymouth Rock.

As soon as we shall have recovered from Tooker's benefit, it would be well to go and be a madrigal boy.

Weaving a wreath of crocuses from the verdant banks of Fifth avenue, and plucking, as we pass, the first violet that timidly peeps forth from the moss-grown steps of Delmonico's, we will go out into the summer-time, to recuperate for the demnition grind of the autumn.

But we are forgetting all about the watering-places!

The spring-fever has made us delirious; we cannot be a madrigal boy, save in our dreams!

We must plunge into the yellow sands along with the same world we see in the winter, with the trifling change of their being in their summer-clothes. We shall be very glad to meet them in town again in the autumn, I dare say. "But let me not anticipate"—it is spring, the air is full of fresh salutations, and—certainly you may come in. Annual spring cleaning. Ah! Must move everything. Oh! Sorry. Don't mention it!

(Perfidious, too-forward April!)

WALSINGHAM.

POPULAR MISTAKES.

PEOPLE are mistaken when they think—That Lent is a penitential season devoted to disciplining the flesh; whereas it is only a time set apart for fashionable young ladies to get up their spring-wardrobes in.

That there are any more new newspapers wanted.

That Di Murska is coming to sing with the present Italian Opera Company at the Academy of Music.

That ministers in fashionable churches are more anxious to save souls than to draw crowds.

That so great a resort for male and female loafers as Broadway, on a pleasant Saturday afternoon, is the right sort of a place for a young girl to promenade.

That the *Sun* is increasing its circulation by abusing the present administration.

That it would be a pleasant experience to walk over the East River foot-bridge.

That Wagner's latest music will be the music of the future.

That Commodore Vanderbilt did not know what he wanted to do with his own property when he made his will.

That the streets of New York will ever be kept clean until we organize a Vigilance Committee to tar and feather some responsible official.

That it is safe to argue upon business matters with a partner who has a hand-grenade, two revolvers, and a dirk-knife concealed about his person.

That Miss Anna Dickinson did away with her incapacity as an actress by stirring up her critics.

That the frenzied shrieks of either the Northern or the Southern fire-eaters are to be regarded with anything but contempt by temperate and justly-disposed people.

That none of the inhabitants of Boston are affable, good-looking, or born without eyeglasses.

That Arctic explorers would accomplish any definite good, if they should discover an open sea about the North Pole.

That the aforesaid pole would be at all useful, except as it afforded our Yankee brethren a convenient something to cut their names upon.

That it will not pay the South to insure in the company in which President Hayes has already taken out his new policy.

STANLEY, the explorer, in a private letter to a friend, states that the most beautiful spot he has seen in all his travels is Jzjzjzjzjzjz, on the southerly shore of Lake Nyiyiyiyiyiyi.

THE statement that the month of April was, in the time of Nero, "Neroneus," is by many considered an-erroneous one.

MR. RIGHTBOWER has been chosen head man in an Arkansas brass band. On all public occasions he will take the lead, and trump-et.



THE PRINCESS PENNYROYAL.

A Novel Play of Very Temporary Human Interest.

KING CHARLES FREDERICK FISHER "THE GREAT."
COUNT VON DAVIDGE LENDORFF, Grand Chamberlain.
LA METTRIE HARDENBERG, the King's Physician.
FREDERIC CHARLES COGHLAN TRENCK, an Officer of Little Fortune.
FRANCIS CHARLES COGHLAN TRENCK, his Cousin and Double.
J. B. KERNER STUDLEY, a Villain.
CRISP WOLF VON RAVEN, Frederic's Friend.
JAMES LEWIS SPYKE, a Waiter.
NORTIER DREW,
D'AVILLA FORREST, } The Looneyparty.
LONGROIS BENNETT, }
MISS FANNY DAVENPORT, THE PRINCESS PENNYROYAL.
MISS GEORGIE AGNETE DREW, Somebody's Niece.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Ruins of the Castle of Lithuania, dreadfully out of repair—(Daly).

Enter the LOONEYPARTY in masquerade costume.
LOONEYPARTY.—Fee! Fo! Fum!—ah!

Enter CAPTAIN KERNER STUDLEY.

KER. (to audience).—It will not require a vast amount of penetration to see that I am a villain and spy of the very first water. Ah! Ah! I love the beauteous Princess Fanny Pennyroyal. I doubt if my passion is returned, for she adores Frederic Charles Coghlan Trenck, but no matter. I have some telephonograms and postal cards, which will compromise her "some." Unless she consents to be mine, and live on a sixth-floor flat, without an elevator, I'll expose her to the King. But here are the "Looneyparty." I know the King wants to see them about that Five-hundred-thousand-million-dollar Loan, to carry on the war against Austria.

(Exit.)

Enter KING CHARLES FREDERICK FISHER "THE GREAT."

KING (looks round).—The "Looneyparty!" Oh! Oh!

Enter LA METTRIE HARDENBERG as a Looney party (disguised, of course,) and more Looney parties.

LA METTRIE.—Well, old rooster!

KING.—Methinks I know that voice.

LA METTRIE.—You want money—good; you shall have it. Five hundred thousand million dollars shall be sent to your tent as soon as I have time to draw a check and get it certified. (Exit.)

SCENE II.

A Free Pass Below the Ruins (Daly).

Enter KING and LA METTRIE HARDENBERG.

KING.—Am't you a Looneyparty?

LA MET.—Oh, dear, no—quite a mistake; it must have been some other feller. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

Royal Back-Yard of a Prussian Inn.

Enter JAMES LEWIS SPYKE.

J. L. SPYKE.—Shakspeare Daly wrote this funny part—please laugh at everything I do, and excuse my being ridiculous. I am a comic waiter. (Grimaces.)

Enter COUNT VON DAVIDGE LENDORFF and MISS GEORGIE AGNETE DREW.

COUNT VON DAVIDGE.—This is my niece. (Mine is not a great part.)

MISS AGNETE.—This is my uncle. I am supposed to be in love with Frederic Charles Coghlan Trenck. (Exit.)

Enter THE PRINCESS FANNY PENNYROYAL and her old Maid.

PRINCESS.—It's about time somebody put in an appearance. (Retires.)

(More grimacing by Spyke.)

Enter F. C. COGHLAN TRENCK.

COGHLAN TRENCK (to Spyke).—Give me some breakfast. I'll take mush and milk,

pork and beans, root-beer and a piece o' pie. Hurry up! and I'll take you into my service.

SPYKE.—Yessir. (Exit.)

COG. TRENCK.—Something tells me that I shall have to poke somebody in the ribs very soon, but I dare say breakfast is ready.

(In going he encounters Princess.)

PRINCESS.—What's your name?

C. TRENCK.—Trenck.

PRINCESS.—Go away, you nasty man!

COG. TRENCK.—You mistake. I am not my abominable cousin, Francis, although he looks like me—but my breakfast is getting cold. Adieu! (Exit.)

Enter CAPTAIN KERNER, with large envelope.

KER.—I love you and have your letters.

PRINCESS.—I hate you and I want my letters.

KER.—You shan't have 'em.

Enter COG. TRENCK, with table-napkin stuck in neck.

COG. TRENCK.—She shall!

KER.—Ah, my rival!

COG. TRENCK.—Give them up!

KER.—Never.

(They fight. Trenck runs Kerner through the body a few times, and hands envelope to Princess, who smiles.)

TABLEAU.

ACT II.

SCENE.—A room with a very mysterious blue-glass mirror (Daly).

Enter JAMES LEWIS SPYKE. (He does something with a candle.)

SPYKE (to audience).—Continue to split your sides whenever I make my appearance. I really have nothing to do with the plot, but am ready to enter into the service of any of the characters on the shortest notice. I am not quite sure whose servant I am now. I first belonged to the inn; then Kerner said he'd engage me. I believe that, at the present moment, I am valet to Frederic Coghlan Trenck. (Exit.)

Enter THE KING and KERNER.

KER. (to King).—Let us get behind that blue glass, and you shall see what you shall see.

KING.—First let me take a pinch of snuff, to show that I am "old Fritz." (Takes snuff.) A-tchoo! a-tchoo! (Exit.)

Enter FREDERIC COGHLAN TRENCK and MISS AGNETE DREW.

AGNETE.—I am supposed to be in love with you—do you think I am?

COGHLAN TRENCK.—Please don't ask conundrums. I believe I'm "spoons" on the Princess Pennyroyal; at least, Daly has made me so. So you'd better retire, for I hear the rustle of her skirts. AGNETE retires.

Enter THE PRINCESS PENNYROYAL.

PRINCESS (to COGHLAN TRENCK).—What a dear fellow you are!

COGHLAN TRENCK.—That being the case, you'd better meet me at the Rev. H. W. Beecher's house, near the camp, and I'll lead you to the hymeneal altar.

PRINCESS.—You bet.

COGHLAN TRENCK.—Suppose you give us a kiss.

PRINCESS.—Not a bad idea. (They embrace.) (KING and KERNER seen looking through the blue glass, and afterwards listen at door.)

COGHLAN TRENCK (to Princess).—I hear footsteps. Fly! (She flies.)

KING (outside).—It is she, the Princess.

(As KING and KERNER enter, AGNETE embraces COGHLAN TRENCK.)

KING.—Can our eyes and ears have deceived us? It isn't she.

KING.—Ah! Agnete, you love this Coghlan Trenck?

AGNETE.—Of course, I do now.

KING.—You shall marry him to-night.

KERNER.—Ah! ah!

TABLEAU.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The King's Camp, and other scamps and Bohemians knocking around; a Sentinel sentinelling.

DALY (in the wings).—Now, then, Rosa and Mauri, go on and dance, there must be some applause to enliven this piece. (They dance.) And you, Sydney Cowell, give 'em a gipsy-song; you sing rather flat, but that's of no consequence. (She sings.)

Enter the KING, CRISP WOLF VON RAVEN, COGHLAN TRENCK and KERNER.

KING (to Coghlan Trenck).—I appoint you postmaster for to-night.

KERNER.—Good enough.

(Exit King and Kerner.)

COGHLAN TRENCK.—Crisp, I want to slip away and get married; take care of my post.

CRISP.—I'll fix that.

(Coghlan Trenck slips away to get married.)
Enter four LOONEYPARTIES with five million dollars, more or less, they deposit money in King's tent.

SCENE II.

Enter FRANCIS COGHLAN TRENCK, of the Austrian army.

FRANCIS C. TRENCK.—I am here.

Enter KERNER.

KERNER (to Francis).—You're the image of your cousin Frederic. I hate him. "Pull down your vest" is the pass-word; go in the tent, you'll be mistaken for Frederic, and steal the five million dollars, more or less.

(Scene and everything else exeunt.)

N.B.—This is a particularly moving scene.

SCENE III.

Interior of a Pastor's House and Garden.

The PRINCESS PENNYROYAL and FREDERIC COGHLAN TRECK seen through muslin, being married.



KERNER (*looking through chink in door with carving knife in hand*).—I've got him now.

COGHLAN TRECK (*slipping away again*).—Not by a darned sight.

SCENE IV.

The Camp again.

Enter FRANCIS C. TRECK.

FRANCIS (*to Sentinel*).—"Pull down your vest" (*he then steals and puts the five millions of dollars in his vest-pocket*). But I'll leave a receipt (*writes receipt*). How fortunate it is that I look like my cousin Frederic Coghlan Treck.

(*Exit.*)

Enter the KING.

KING (*finds money gone*).—Somebody's walked off with all the small change.

SENTINEL.—It must be Frederic Coghlan Treck, he was in here.

KING.—Is that so; where is he now?

Enter PRINCESS and FREDERIC COGHLAN TRECK.

COGHLAN TRECK.—What's the row?

KING.—You've been off your post, and stolen the money. I commit you to the Tombs without bail.

COGHLAN TRECK.—It's all a put-up job. I didn't steal anything.

PRINCESS.—We've been spliced; spare him!

KING.—Never!

TABLEAU.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Cell in Murderers Row, Tombs. (Daly.)



FREDERIC COGHLAN TRECK (*in his shirt-sleeves, with a young chain-cable on his wrists*).—If they lock me up in a Herring safe, and put it in the strong room of the Safe Deposit Company, I'll scratch my way out. I'm a living Tight-un. I'm Samson, Goliath, Hercules, and the giant Gorgibuster, rolled into one. (*He knocks down several stone-walls by leaning against them.*)

Enter KERNER.

KER.—Ha! ha! how do you like these lodgings?

Enter KING.

KING (*to Coghlan Treck*).—You may crawl out of one of those holes and be free, but you must say that you were only fooling when you married my sister the Princess (*takes snuff*).

COGHLAN TRECK.—Right you are. (*He jumps through a hole in the wall.*)

SCENE II.

The Caverns of the Looneyparty.

KERNER, LA METTRIE HARDENBERG and the LOONEYPARTY assembled to try COGHLAN TRECK.

LA METTRIE.—Who makes the charge against him?

KERNER.—I do. He stole the money.

COGHLAN TRECK.—I didn't.

LA METTRIE.—We find you guilty—but we don't think you are, for there is a receipt for the money from Francis Treck. Kerner Studley is a fraud.

SCENE III.

The Royal Tenement-house.

Enter PRINCESS and KING.

PRINCESS.—Let him off.

KING.—I have—he took a flying jump through a stone-wall.

Enter all the LOONEYPARTY and everybody.

THE LOONEYPARTY.—Let's get up some excitement, and kill the king. (*They try to do it with carving knives.*)

FREDERIC COGHLAN TRECK.—I'll make cold meat of all of you; I'll knock you all into the middle of next week, if you advance a step. I'm a Soldier of Fortune. (*To Kerner.*) I'll just stick you, and finish the play. (*Sticks him.*)

PRINCESS.—Then, Coghlan, if you love me as I love you, no knife shall cut our love in two. (*Shakespeare.*)

KING (*to audience*).—Ain't I awfully glad it's over. (*Takes snuff.*) A-tchoo! A-tchoo!

TABLEAU—CURTAIN.

THE PEDANTIC YOUTH.

THE college and classical seminary is responsible for this specimen of the *genus homo*. He is of various temperaments and sizes, though most usually of the long, lean and lemon-haired variety; but, whatever his other features, has always a small and receding chin, and an immense attitude at the organ of self-esteem.

He eats, drinks, sleeps, and exercises, on scientific principles, making chemical analyses of his food before meals, and lecturing on the psychical relations of sleep before retiring. He walks solely for the development of certain muscles, to which he always alludes by their proper Latin classification.

He considers all popular amusements as beneath his dignity, but sometimes goes to a play for the purpose of comparing the modern drama with the productions of Euripides, always to the great disparagement of the former.

No one has ever known him to refuse an invitation to a social entertainment, of whatever nature, but he always accepts with reluctance, and makes a point, when arrived, of taking no part in the general enjoyment.

If asked to join a sociable group, he replies that he, "like Cicero," is "never less alone than when alone," and solaces himself with furtive glances at his last unfinished tragedy.

He is fond of reading his productions to any one who will listen, but generally comes to the conclusion that he was born too early for his proper audience, which his mind's eye sees marshaled in the distant future.

He knows—everything, has a full-fledged opinion on every subject which can be mentioned, and dispenses his opinions freely, always prefacing with "I hold." His reading is heterogeneous, comprising a little of everything, saving and excepting that which he styles "the ephemeral literature of the day."

He has a high and lofty and bitter scorn of all second-rate geniuses, on whom he pours high-sounding epithets of a most thoroughly tremendous and overwhelming nature.

He is exceedingly practical—in theory. He can make anything, from a toothpick to a telescope; but his manufactures are not on exhibition. His chemical experiments are apt to end in unexpected explosions, and his mechanical ones to fail through unforeseen and unavoidable accidents. He practices medicine on his friends, who learn wisdom through martyrdom, and are careful henceforth not to hint at cold or headache while in his vicinity.

He stores his memory with old and unfamiliar topics. The manners and customs of the ancients are his favorite theme. If the wedding of an acquaintance is mentioned, he falls to describing the wedding ceremonies of the an-

cients Greeks. If a friend challenges his admiration for a new barouche, he enters into a disquisition on the chariots of the Assyrians.

His allusions to mythology are far-fetched and frequent. In knowledge of life and the world he is not to be surpassed. He treasures the memory of certain secret peccadilloes, to which he darkly refers as his experience. He seems entirely destitute of those natural emotions and sentiments of which he claims to possess a double share, frequently descanting upon his passion and despair, and other figments of his imagination, to large and unappreciative assemblies.

The pedantic youth sometimes turns out a clever man, but more frequently sinks into insignificance, after a few years of riotous vainglorying.

PUCK'S STAGE SKETCHES.

IV.

OUR LEADING JUVENILE.

YOUTH is elastic. So is the talented gentleman who has been embodying youth so long and so successfully. It was in the year —, no, it wasn't, it was four or five years previous, that we first succumbed to the manly fascinations of our leading juvenile, and set him down as the beau-ideal of stage elasticity. Many days and nights have come and gone since then, and the dear gazelle which we once nursed, to glad us with its soft black eye, has long since been laid to rest with our favorite tree and flower. But youth springs eternal in the light comedian's breast, and to-day we still greet him as the most dashing young man of the stage.

There is an ease about our leading juvenile's art, which places it beyond the pale of imitation. Other actors may put their hands into their pockets, and glide from the left upper entrance down to the right; but there is no charm about the act as they do it. Our leading juvenile never puts his hands into his pockets without simultaneously pocketing our admiration, and never glides without gliding into our affections. He plays many parts, but he stamps them all with the lustre of his individuality, and the vigor of his youth.

The name of Lester Wallack, of Wallack's Theatre, has become familiar as a household word. It is typical of respectability, and through him all dramatic impurities are filtered, and made pure before they reach our ears. An aureole of virtue encircles his head, and innocence flocks to his dramatic fold. He is the dividing line between the church and the stage, and the next best thing in Society's mind to being as good as the minister, is to be as good as Lester Wallack.

Thus does our leading juvenile combine moral, physical and mental accomplishments. It is needless to add that as an actor he is a favorite. That would but faintly convey the affection with which he is regarded by modern audiences. We only wish, for the sake of the drama, that he was as young as he appears to be. He is always redolent with the buoyancy that suggests the spring-time of youth, and not even as "My Awful Dad" does he restrain his juvenile feelings.

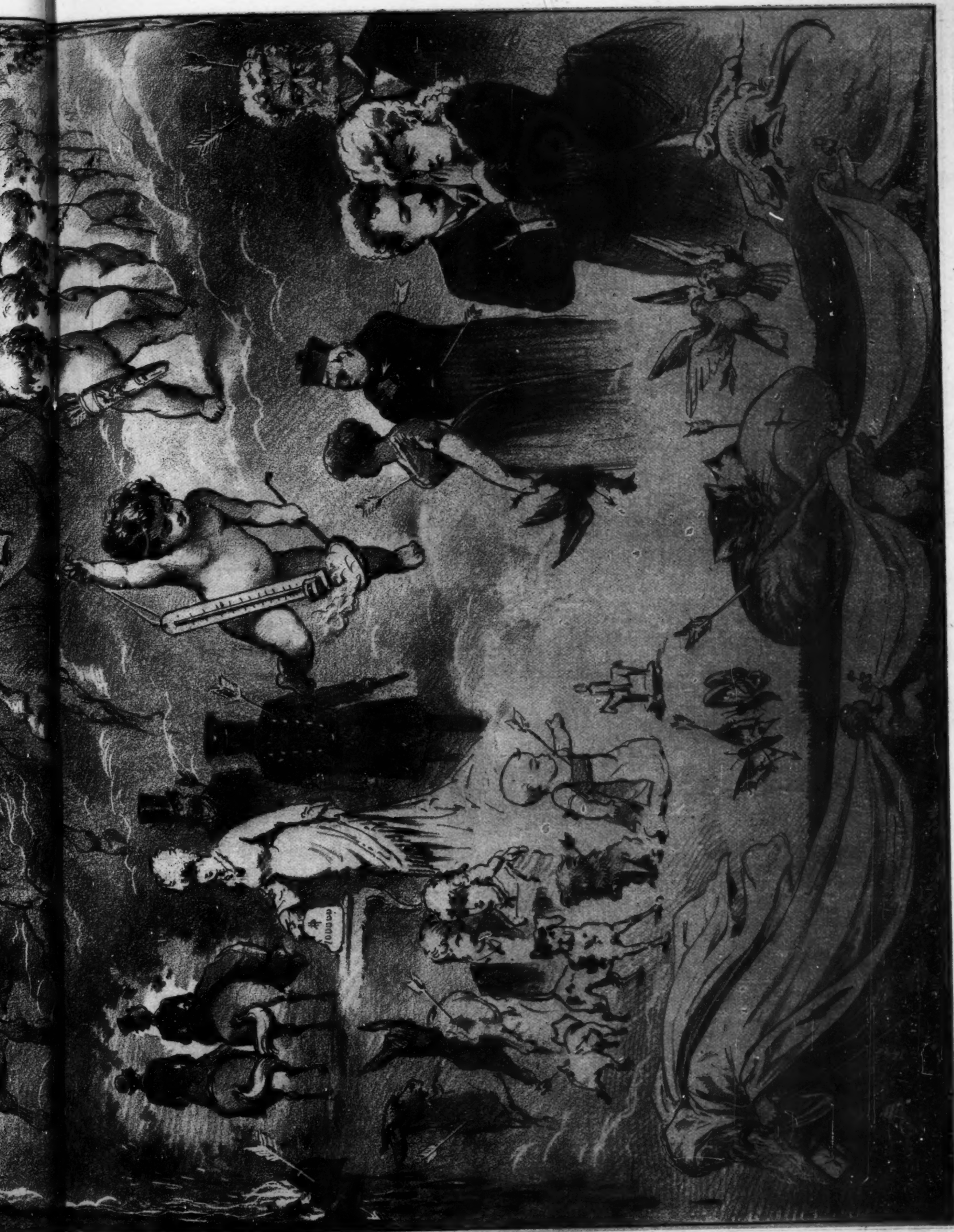
As we look at him, we feel that "the stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink in years; but he shall flourish in immortal youth."

THE corn-doctor who exhibits on Broadway the big plaster-foot, puts his name under it; but the dentist who has erected, on Madison square, the big hand holding the forceps which grip a large double tooth, has not yet attached his name to this really splendid advertisement.



OUR LEADING JUVENILE.





SPRING.

CONTRASTS OF LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.



UP TOWN



DOWN TOWN

THE RESTAURANT



UP TOWN



DOWN TOWN

THE DOG CART



UP TOWN



DOWN TOWN

THE BOX



THE CLUB

WHAT AILED THE GHOST.

"HAMLET" was announced one night last week at an Indiana country theatre, and the Hoosiers had come in with their wives and babies from miles around, to be made acquainted with the melancholy Dane. All went on well until the ghost scene; in fact, his paternal ghostship had actually appeared, and in tremulous, sepulchral tones began to utter:

"I am thy fath—" when suddenly the text gave place to a series of grunts and groans, indicative of intense bodily pain on the part of the apparition aforesaid.

"Go on! Go on!" came from all parts of the house, but the ghost didn't go on. Some loudly whispered; profanity was heard behind the scenes, and it became evident that there was something rotten in the State of Denmark.

Finally the ghost seemed to brace up, and tried it again:

"I am thy fath—ugh—oh Lord! Some more brandy, there—quick!"

In the midst of the confusion which ensued, the manager made his appearance at the foot-lights.

"My friends," said he, "I regret to say that the gentleman who was cast for the *role* of the ghost this evening has been suddenly attacked with *cholera morbus*. Is there any physician in the house?"

"Here," said a jolly, good-natured man in the front row. "I'm a doctor. Show me the patient."

They led him to where the spectre lay, out in the fly, writhing in all the contortions of green-apple-stomach-ache. He felt his pulse, loosened the sufferer's shirt-collar, looked at him a moment, and then smiled.

"Well, doctor," gasped the manager, "and what do you make of it?"

"Make of it, my dear sir," answered the doctor. "Why, I call it a clear case of what is known as *cholera in-phantom*."

SCIENCE vs. WAGES AND DRINKS.

A SCIENTIFIC gentleman, connected with one of our leading universities, has a theory that he can disseminate useful information among the masses by personal contact and conversation much better than by means of books and lectures. It is related of him in this regard that one day he accosted one of a small gang of corporation workmen, who were engaged in removing street garbage, with—

"Well, my friend, what do you think of the Nebular Hypothesis?"

"The which?" asked the Irishman, leaning on his spade, and eyeing the Professor.

"The Nebular Hypothesis—that magnificent astronomical theory upon which are based so many of our modern speculations with regard to our solar system."

"And yiz wants to know what I think of that, is it? Shure, and it's a very good thing, I'm tould."

"You have then, I trust, my friend, looked into this interesting subject, and noted the warfare against ignorance which modern science wages."

"Wages, indade," replied the other, "now yer talkin' to the point, mishtur."

"Ah, yes," continued the Professor, "what are the fleeting gratifications of our bodily appetites to those intellectual delights that the mind drinks in."

"Dhrinks—be jabers!—is it dhrinks yer spakin' of? Come on here, boys!" And the Professor had to beat a hasty retreat, amid a shower of stones propelled by the disappointed listeners.

Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.

HUGH worked steadily for half an hour. His work occupied his attention without engrossing it, and left his mind scope for vagrant fancies and dreamy observations. He could think vaguely of the future, and he smelt the meadow-sweet as the bee burrowed noisily into the soft trusses of bloom and stirred up its fragrance; he noted the cooing of the wood-pigeons, and the splash as a fish leaped from the water. The afternoon was hot; but a deliciously cool-breeze crept under the trees where he sat, and made music in the beach leaves above. But for these sounds there was nothing to disturb him now that Mr. Fox had retired. Hugh was painting a stretch of back-water, all low tone and deep shadow. "It wants a figure," thought he. "I suppose I must put in the harmless necessary old man fishing."

At that moment he caught the sound of movement in the grass behind him.

"Some one coming; perhaps the very figure I want," thought he, turning about.

A thicket shut out the view; he rose from his seat and looked over. A young girl stood there. He could not see her face, but her hair was shining and soft, and, being knotted back tightly, displayed a pink ear and a few inches of white neck. There was every reason to believe her pretty, for women have, as a rule, the good taste to conform their dress to their personal appearance, and her neat dress affected in a rustic manner the fashion of the town, fitting her dainty waist and graceful shoulders to a nicety. Her back was turned towards Hugh; her body was bent in a pretty attitude of apprehensive timidity, and she held behind her—a pair of stockings.

Hugh sat down with a blush, for he was as modest as a girl, and considered what he should do in his embarrassing position. To move or to intimate his presence by making a noise would not improve matters; no, the best thing was to go on with his painting as if she were not there, and leave the rest to chance. If she found him she could then beat a retreat, with the comfort of thinking she had not been seen.

Hugh took his brush and essayed to paint, but from some cause—he knew not what—he found himself unable to take interest in the work. His touch did not improve the picture. He could do no more to it, and yet it was incomplete. It was but a background after all, and certainly wanted a figure. If the girl he had seen would only stand for a while whilst he sketched her in that pretty, timid, nymphlike pose, what a capital subject she would make! He might try to reproduce her from memory, if only he could remember what kind of hat she wore. There could be no harm in looking at her hat, and satisfying himself on that point.

There was a dabbling sound as Hugh rose to his feet, and he perceived that the girl had seated herself on the bank and was dipping her feet in the water.

How very pretty she was! Her hair was inclined to redness, and was drawn close to her head, save where in front some little tresses had obtained liberty, and were fluttering in the light wind about her white brow. Her cheek was round and pink, her lips were full, and her small nose had impudence in its curve. Presently she lifted her feet from the water, and put them side by side; then throwing her head on one side, she regarded them critically. They gleamed like ivory, and she must have been pleased with their appearance, for she held them stretched out for some moments, and

smiled pleasantly upon them the while. There was nothing immodest in the action. The girl was so simple and graceful, and her admiration was so natural, that only to the grossest minds could it suggest fancies that were not pure. Hugh was far too delicate in thought and taste to feel shocked at what he saw. It was to him simply the daintiest little picture he had ever seen, and he looked without the will to move.

She dropped her feet in the water, sank upon her elbow, and began singing a country-side song. Hugh caught only the rhymes, which were "caow," "plough," "treen," and "yeou;" but the voice that sang them seemed to him prettier than the piping of a robin. He sat down, waited, listened. The pattering in the water ceased, there was a movement on the grass, and she began to hum her tune again. The voice approached, and Hugh became marvelously active with his brushes; the tune ceased suddenly in a little exclamation of astonishment near him. He looked up, and met a pair of eyes glancing sidelong slyly at him. Both looked rather confused, colored, looked down, and the young lady pursued her path. Where the path diverged she turned her head for a minute, and both, finding their glances met once more, smiled. Oh, what a subtle sense of humor young people have! We old folks, turning about to stare after each other, can see nothing to make us laugh.

"May I have the pleasure of accompanying you this afternoon, Mr. Hugh?" asked Mr. Fox, the next day.

"Well, the fact is—" said Hugh, scratching his head, and trying to look as if he were not prevaricating without success—"the fact is that, unless I can settle down to my work more readily than I did yesterday, I shall look about for a new subject."

"Ah, in that case, of course, you require to be perfectly free from interruption of any kind," said Mr. Fox.

"Well, that is true."

"Y-es." Fox smiled his blandest, and said to himself, "Why on earth does he want to go alone?"

He was more than usually amiable and interested in art when Hugh returned; and although the artist declared he had done nothing much—stuck to the old thing, you know, after all—never mind looking at it—nothing in it, and so on, Mr. Fox obtained a glimpse of the picture, and was at once interested.

"Oh, I see," he smiled. "You have introduced a figure."

"Little fancy thing to throw up the background. I thought it was required."

"So it was, indeed, Mr. Hugh. Done from imagination, hey? Very easy pose. The folds of the dress are wonderful; you might fancy they were copied from the real thing."

He pulled his nose and admired the picture with half-closed eyes, as he wondered where he had seen a dress like that on Hugh's canvas; then he said:

"I suppose you will hardly have to finish this where you began it, as the figure is from imagination."

"If I finish it at all, I must. You can't get the—er—tone, the—er—atmosphere, unless you are actually in the scene you paint."

"That shows my ignorance of art, of course. I see you are quite right, quite right."

Mr. Fox had to go to Reading the following afternoon—a necessity which Hugh did not regret—but he took a route in returning which led him so near the backwater which Hugh was studying, that he got a clear view of his young friend and a companion that stood beside him. The companion was a young lady, and she seemed deeply interested in Mr. Biron's work.

"Mattie Blake," said Mr. Fox softly; and he smiled, though there was none to benefit by it. He had chosen the path upon the side of the

beech-wooded hill. There was a free-growing brier near, through the interstices of which one might command a view of the river-side below and be unseen; and dry leaves about it offered a tempting seat to the weary pedestrian. Mr. Fox stepped to the brier and seated himself slowly, blinking like an old cat that settles down to watch the play of unconscious mice.

Unfortunately, he could not make out the words they used; but he could hear their voices and distinguish between Miss Blake's and Hugh's. Hugh had most to say; Miss Blake answered briefly and laughed considerably. Very likely he talked nonsense; but most girls like nonsense, especially from a brisk, handsome young fellow.

Mattie was accustomed to hearing nonsense; for her father kept the ferry-boat inn, and she waited upon the gentlemen who assembled in the coffee-room of evenings to sing and discourse. These gentlemen were the shop-keepers of the village; Sir Humphrey Clinker's coachman and steward; Mr. Tom Reynolds, Gregory Biron's head-gardener; occasionally Mr. Fox, and such boating gentlemen as were staying in the house. Of this society she mostly affected Mr. Tom Reynolds. He was a Hercules in appearance; ruddy of complexion, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with ponderous limbs, and short, crisp, curling hair that clustered low down on his broad forehead; he was the finest and strongest man of that place, and the village champion of cricket and quoits. Mattie felt proud to have the giant under her subjection. But he never rose above the intellectual level of the village people; indeed, he said less to Mattie than those who were not so interested in her. When he entered her presence he said, "Good evenin', miss," and supplemented his salutation by such remarks upon the weather as were appropriate to the season. His eye followed her wherever she went, and he drank ten times as much ale as he needed, merely for the pleasure of touching her hand when he paid for it. He sang the "Red, White and Blue" every night of the week except Sundays, growing pale when asked to sing, and beginning with every indication of breaking down in the first verse, as he stared fixedly on Mattie; but when, by dint of turning his glance away and setting it upon her father, who always returned his stare, shuffling uneasily in his chair under the basilisk eye, his courage returned, and his powerful voice was not to be contained within four walls. At parting he, in common with other village-folk, shook hands with Mattie; and when occasion permitted he said, "Yeu deu look so pretty to-night, miss." The other gentlemen were less constrained, but their remarks were matter-of-fact and their compliments broad. Intellectually, they were as inferior to Mr. Hugh Biron as they were in personal appearance.

Hugh held an easy flow of small talk, and dashed it with sentiment and poetry, which were not less appreciated by Mattie, perhaps, because at times she could not quite understand what he meant. His compliments were delicate, and his voice soft and musical. There were refinement and taste in everything connected with him. His linen was spotless, his clothes well-fitting and good, his hands were long and white, and even at this early stage of their acquaintance she knew that they were soft and smooth. How different from the horny palm of Mr. Tom Reynolds! And there was the slightest suspicion of scent when Hugh approached her that made her think disparagingly of the earthly smell Mr. Tom Reynolds brought into her room with him. Hugh was never abashed; he never faltered in speaking to her, and when their eyes met hers fell, not his. She was better pleased to have Hugh for a master than Tom for a slave. Women love above them, never below. Instances exist of parallel pre-

dilection amongst the inferior animals. Even the sparrow will not accept a mate who cannot thrash her.

In comparison Tom was a heavy ox; Hugh a nimble high-spirited horse. Ladies hate "bulls" instinctively, albeit the creature they shun is the meekest sweet-eyed beast, patient in tilling the soil, useful and harmless; but no lady sees a prancing horse without a desire to pat his neck and caress him, despite the knowledge that he may kick and bite, and run away from her if he can.

When Hugh was saying good-bye he found several questions to ask about Miss Blake's arrangements for to-morrow; but he held her hand, although the parting salutation was said. He was as conscious as Mattie was that he held her hand beyond the customary length of time; she could read that in his eyes when she dared to look up to them. Besides, he exercised rather more pressure than was absolutely consistent with forgetfulness. She had answered all his questions, and he yet held her hand. She tried to disengage it. It was but a pretence; she did not want to remove her hand.

"How odd!" said Hugh; "I have been holding your hand all this time."

He looked at the hand still in his, and was about to say, "What a pretty little hand!" as an excuse for kissing it, but he found it rather large and decidedly red, so he turned his eyes to her whiter and softer and prettier face.

"Your cheeks are like pink-and-white apples that tempt one to feast," said he.

She blushed, but did not move, although she saw his lips approaching. Only when he had kissed her and dropped her hand, she turned upon her heel and ran away.

Mr. Fox rose refreshed, and walked home. He was in high spirits; and in the evening went to the Ferry-boat, and took a seat beside the host. He bowed with polite deference to Mattie, and remarked as he did so that the young lady flushed. He spoke of his dear young master, Mr. Hugh Biron, and noticed that she became at once interested.

"You don't know him, Mr. Blake, do you?" questioned Fox.

"Nao," said Mr. Blake, in a tone of voice that signified he did not regret the loss of his acquaintance.

"He daon't trouble you much," suggested Sir Humphrey Clinker's man.

"Nao," responded Blake, in the same tone, his eyes fixed on the bowl of his long clay.

"He is a noble young man," exclaimed Fox; "the handsomest, cleverest, most generous warm-hearted gentleman in the county."

"Then he daon't take arter the old man," said Blake, with an emphatic nod.

"The offspring are frequently unlike their parents," said Mr. Fox, glancing at Mattie; and I dare say you can tell us, Mr. Reynolds, of many peculiarities of the same kind in botanical life. For instance, the seedlings from a streaked pelargonium may be perfectly white."

"Yes, and some on 'em has spots," replied Tom Reynolds, interested rather in establishing a fact than in assisting allegory.

"Of course, and *vice versa*."

"Never heerd o' them; but carnations will, so'll picotees."

"Just so. And thus it is with this Mr. Hugh. I may say, without disrespect to my employer, that his grandson is unlike him in every respect."

"Good job too," said the representative of Sir Humphrey Clinker.

The feud between the Birones and Clinkers extended to their servants, and there were frequent skirmishes between Tom Reynolds and Sir Humphrey's George.

"What Master Fox says is quiet true," said Tom Reynolds. "The young governor is the finest young fellow in these parts, and you've

got no one to match him on yeour side of the brick wall." Tom looked straight at the corner of the ceiling, but his remark was intended for him of the rival house of Clinker.

"And he'll be not only the handsomest and noblest man of these parts, but the wealthiest," said Mr. Fox.

"Sooner the better," said Sir Humphrey's man.

"I call upon Mr. Reynolds for a song," said the host, who saw dissension breeding.

Mr. Fox was alone with Hugh for a few minutes before going to bed, and he mentioned his visit to the Ferry-boat.

"You don't go there?" said he. "Ah, it is hardly the place for a gentleman like you. I have not heard you speak of Miss Blake, and of course you would, had you seen her. The most marvellously beautiful girl I have ever seen. You will think that an old fellow of my age should do something else than trouble his head about women. It is only my head that is concerned, sir, not my heart. Were I younger, that might go too."

"Is the young lady very beautiful?" asked Hugh, with ill-affected unconcern.

"To my eyes she is peerless. One of those exquisite faces that strike you with their intrinsic beauty less than they suggest the grace, delicacy, and sweetness of a pure feminine mind. You understand me, sir?"

"Thoroughly. That is what I—I—I—what I always think so beautiful in women's faces."

"Precisely. The family is very old—good stock—connected with the historical family of the same name. Unfortunately, the position of the father must materially hinder the development of the daughter's intellect; nevertheless there she is—a gem. Alas, poor girl! it may be that, falling into the possession of some unlettered clod, without the ability or desire to improve her, her real and true value may be never known. On the other hand, some man of feeling—some man who looks beneath the surface before he rejects the stone that falls in his way—may by the mere polishing discover himself the possessor of such a diamond as shall blaze a Kohinoor amongst diamonds. Ah me! why do we grow old? Good night, Mr. Hugh."

At that moment Hugh was not sufficiently in love to be critical about the social or intellectual status of Mattie Blake, nor did he need argument to convince him that she was charming. He was interested of course in what Mr. Fox said.

We take a handful of dry seed and a handful of moist earth, and wonder how anything beautiful can spring from the simple union of the two; but the result is clearly seen by the cultivator. Mr. Fox's seed was sown on good soil and took root, threw out leaves, grew, blossomed, bore fruit, and all within a fortnight. By that time Hugh loved Mattie madly, and she returned his passion—less ardently perhaps, because she was less poetical, and the passion was not so novel to her. He became concerned about her pronunciation of certain words, her abuse of the letter *h*, the unnecessary emphasis she sought to obtain by the multiplication of negatives, and her ignorance of classical literature. Under the trees he read Keats and Tennyson to her, and for her private study gave her handsome copies of Shakspeare and Thackeray, hoping these would wean her from literature of the penny-a-week sort. Mattie struggled bravely to like Shakspeare and read him. With womanly instinct she began at the end of the book, as being the most interesting part of books in general, and she cried with mortification in the vain endeavor to understand the Sonnets. She got on better with Thackeray; but a page-and-a-half invariably sent her to sleep, and she dreamed of the baronets and beetle-browed villains of the penny-weekly. Better still, she liked to listen to Hugh reading; for he explained

matters to her as he went on, and his voice was musical and sweet and pleasant to the ear, as his appearance was to the eye. After listening for a while she would playfully curl his soft hair, and then he shut up the book and put his arms about her, and talked poetry that was ever so much prettier than the labored efforts of genius, and this she loved most of all. She could rest her head upon his shoulder, and hearken for hours to his second-hand similes and boyish balderdash. Hugh liked it too; it was flattering to be so appreciated, and to make poetical steam and let it off was no trouble, and, on the whole, very natural and pleasing.

Mr. Fox rather assisted than impeded the communion of his young friends; but when Hugh's vacation was drawing to an end, he saw fit to stir up the pellucid stream of true love, and place a few obstacles in its course. So amiable a man as he could not see Tom Reynoldshipped and low-spirited without commiseration.

"Why, Reynolds," said he, finding him in the hot-house one morning, "how is it you were not at the Ferry-boat last night, hey?"

"I'm not a-going there no moare," said Tom, shaking his head ruefully.

"How is that? I thought you were fond of Miss Blake."

"I wars, Master Fox, I wars. I've alwust got good wages, and I'm a saving man, and I've got enough money for to start a little business and make a comfortable home for teu folks; and I made up my mind a time since that I'd marry the gal, if so be she was agreeable so to do, and, fact, I've as good as told her so every night for six months past, I have. I won't repeat my words, Master Fox, but I have a-said something to her at parting every night, by which she might see what my feelings was towards. Fact, I did mean afore long to ask her premission to allow me to walk out on Sundays with her. I don't know what it is, sir, but something turned that gal's head quite raound this last month. You might have noticed, Master Fox, how she do turn her nose up at every one. She never smiles when she takes your money now; and she knocks the glasses abaout when a party's singing the "Red, White, and Bleu," which is a patriotic song, and ought to be treated serious, and she leaves the room without saying "Good-bye" to no one.

"It is the way with all women, Reynolds; they love to make us miserable to prove how necessary they are to our happiness. You be a man, and don't give into her; she will come round quickly enough when she finds you will not. Stay away a few days, and don't send any more flowers."

"I don't send her no flowers, Master Fox."

"That is odd. She had a piece of stephanotis like this, and a piece of maidenhair like that, in her bosom last night. I suppose Sir Humphrey Clinker's George must have given them to her."

"He daresn't, no more daresn't any other man. They know what I am pretty well; they know how I served young Adams when he shuck hands with her."

"I suppose she has a plant of her own—very likely; why not? As I said, you show the girl that you are as good as she, and you will soon see that she thinks you a good deal better. Good-morning, Reynolds. Oh, by the way, do you go to dinner through Quarry Wood?"

"No, sir—never go that way, it's tew fur; but I can go that way it so be you require anything."

"Well, Mr. Hugh is painting down there, and—No, I had better go myself."

(To be continued)

A LITTLE friend of PUCK's, who lisps, innocently asked the other day whether Charlie Ross belongs to the Roths-child family.



Puck's Exchanges.

A LADY living on Second avenue had her mind made up for two or three days that her boy needed some castor-oil, but she knew that she must approach him gently. She placed the bottle where he could see it, and when he turned up his nose, she said:

"It's just like honey, my darling."

He seemed to doubt her word, and she continued:

"If you'll take some I'll let you go to the Theatre Comique."

"How much?" he cautiously inquired.

"Oh, only a spoonful—just one spoonful," she smiled, as she uncorked the bottle.

"And you'll give me some sugar, besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, and then asked:

"And you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"No."

"No kite, no ile," he said, as he drew back.

"Well, I'll buy you a kite," she replied, filling the spoon clear up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor-ile down me!" he exclaimed, looking around for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to, and I know he will. Come now, swallow it down."

"And you'll buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes! Now take it right down."

"And a coach-dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right; no dog, no ile."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Now, be a good boy, and swallow it down."

"Oh, yes, I'll swallow that stuff, I will," he said, as he clapped on his hat. "You may fool some other boy with a Comique ticket and a lump of brown sugar, but it'll take a pony to trot that castor-ile down my throat!"

And he went out to see if the neighbor's cat had been caught in the trap he had set for her.—*Exchange*.

THE President's gallantry led him to say to the St. Louis lawyeress, when she spoke of being at his inauguration, "My dear Miss Cozzens, in that case I should have kissed something else besides the book." Next morning, says the *Graphic*, Mrs. Hayes was surprised, on looking from the window, to see 27 tramps crawl out of the straw back of the executive barn and shake themselves. Then they came to the door and asked what she was going to do about it. They were divorce lawyers.

THE *Eclectic Magazine* for March contains the likeness of a poet, and it is easy to see from his haggard and troubled look that he fully realizes his awful position.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

THE Bowdoin boy who fatally shot his father the other day, says that he only intended to frighten the old gentleman. The old fellow, it seems, couldn't take a joke.—*Worcester Press*.

YESTERDAY morning, when a stranger asked a newsboy which way the numbers on Griswold street ran, the boy replied:

"Up and down and all around. When you think you are up to No. 300 you may be down to No. 2."

"I want to find this number," continued the man as he exhibited a card.

"Well, that ought to be right over there, but the best way is to go up this side and come down on the other, and ask every man you meet."

"I presume the man I want to see is located up stairs," said the man.

"So much the better," replied the boy; "that gives you more rope to play on. When you go into a basement they will tell you he is on the fourth floor, and when you get up there no one will even know his name. If that man don't owe you at least a thousand dollars, and if you are not afraid he'll run away, your plan is to go to a hotel, write him a letter, and get him out where he can't dodge."—*Detroit Free Press*.

WHEN a St. Louis belle gets the ear-ache they take the fair sufferer down to the levee, put a bale or a bale and a half of cotton into the ear affected, and play some paregoric upon it from a chemical engine. This rarely fails to effect a cure.—*Chicago Tribune*. And when a Chicago belle has the ear-ache they treat her in the same way, only they don't go out anywhere for the bale or two of cotton. They find it about the sufferer.—*St. Louis Republican*. Probably the St. Louis belle caught the cold that caused her ear to ache by leaving off her bale.—*Chicago Post*.

HERR MARTIN LOTHAR SCHULFROH, of Zweibrücken, has invented what he calls "The Language of the Future." When a young man hires a horse and carriage to take his girl out riding, and drives up to the door just in time to see her leaving the house with his rival, he sadly feels the necessity of a language of the future. The language of the past and present fails to do justice to his wounded feelings.—*Worcester Herald*.

A CANADIAN schoolmistress gave the mitten to one of her oldest scholars. He retaliated by being as mean and mischievous as possible in school, and she gave him a sound flogging. His parents sued for damages and got a verdict of \$3.50. The next day the teacher called her school to order and made a next little speech. She said, "I have whipped a booby soundly, which pleasure cost only three dollars and a-half. Now, if any others of my scholars are inclined to imitate him, they will have the kindness to step forward, receive the money and the flogging, and then we will go on with our studies. I am here to instruct you, not to be courted." This was some time ago. The lady is teaching that school yet, and is the most popular person in the township, as she deserves to be. We have no doubt she was from this side of the Canada line, but that fact, for some reason, isn't mentioned.—*Exchange*.

A COUNTRY girl wrote to her lover: "Now George, don't you fale to be at the singing-school to-night." George wrote back that "in the bright lexicon of youth—Webster's Unabridged—there's no such word as fale."—*Exchange*.

L. ROGERS, the sculptor, desires to make a statue representing "Surprise." We would suggest that he inclose anonymously a \$2 bill to a country editor, and then observe the features of the recipient as he opens the letter at the post-office.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

Two men were sitting together in a smoking car on the Danbury Railway the other morning, when one of them observed to the other:

"I lost as likely a colt as you ever saw, last winter."

After a pause the addressed party inquired: "Did it die?"

"Die?" repeated the loser, somewhat resentfully, "how could I 'ave lost if it hadn't died?"

"I didn't know but it slipped through a crack in the floor," said the other man in an injured tone.

Both lapsed into silence after that.—*Danbury News.*

It is almost impossible to view the rear elevation of the stylish young man's shirt-collar without thinking of the business revival that would take place, if our merchants could utilize this white expanse for advertising purposes.—*Worcester Press.*

GIRLS, don't be afraid to work. Ruth gleaned in the harvest-field and got just as good a Boaz any girl in the neighborhood.—*Easton Free Press.*

THE manufacturers of the jewsharp are beginning to get frightened at the success of the telephone. It will drive their musical instrument out of the market altogether, they say.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

FASCINATING female music teacher, to admiring young gentleman pupil: "Try that again, Mr. C——" Pupil—"Do, Re, Mi——" Teacher—"That won't do. You do not hold on to Mi long enough." Pupil (wistfully)—"I wish I had a chance to."—*Exchange.*

FASHION journals are discussing the proper height of feminine hose. We should say that a little above two feet would be about the correct altitude.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN exchange asks Judge Devens how many children he has, and the *Chicago Times* wants to know when Judge Devens was married. Hereafter we shall insist that questions be put in their regular order.—*Rochester Democrat.*

ALEXIS and his terrier went to a photographer's and were "took," in every city they visited. The Duke is easily distinguished from the terrier by his princely air and a standing collar.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

WHENEVER a man, who has been arrested for being "tight," calls at a New Orleans newspaper office, and asks to have his name suppressed, they call it "A Suppressed Tightem," and publish it anyhow.—*Elizabeth Herald.*

"MRS. PARR, of this village," says a Wisconsin exchange, "has had no less than seventy attacks of illness during her lifetime, and still lives." She must be one of the "Brave Women of Seventy-Sicks."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

"THE singing in Soldene's new opera of *Poulet and Poulette* is said to be really henchanting."—*Boston Traveller.* It probably consists of lays.—*Worcester Press.*

WHAT lovers swear—To be true until death. What husbands swear—Unfit for publication.—*London Yorick.*

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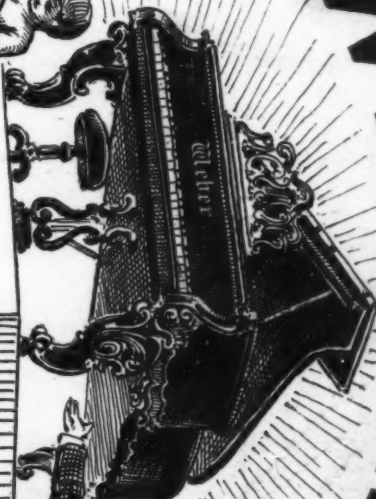
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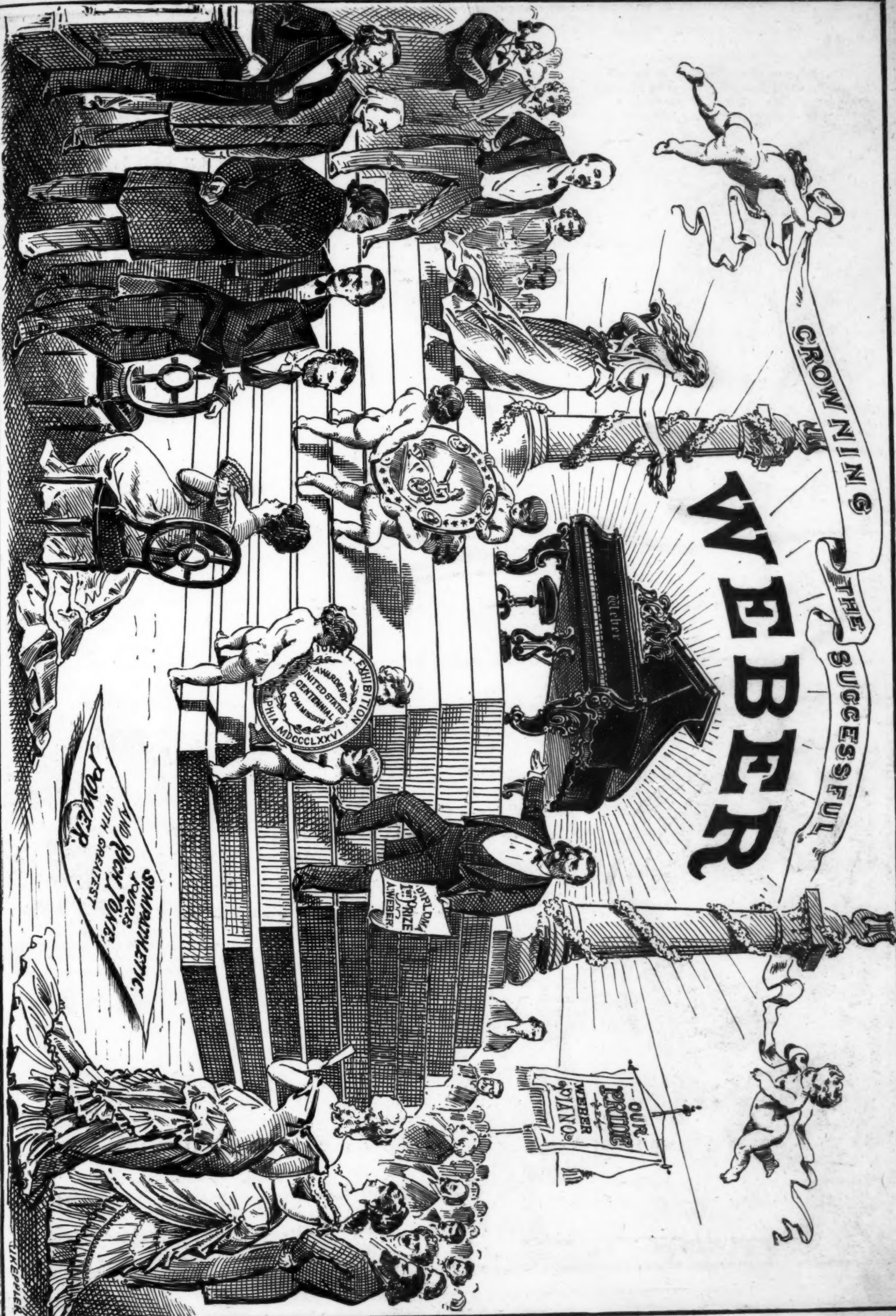
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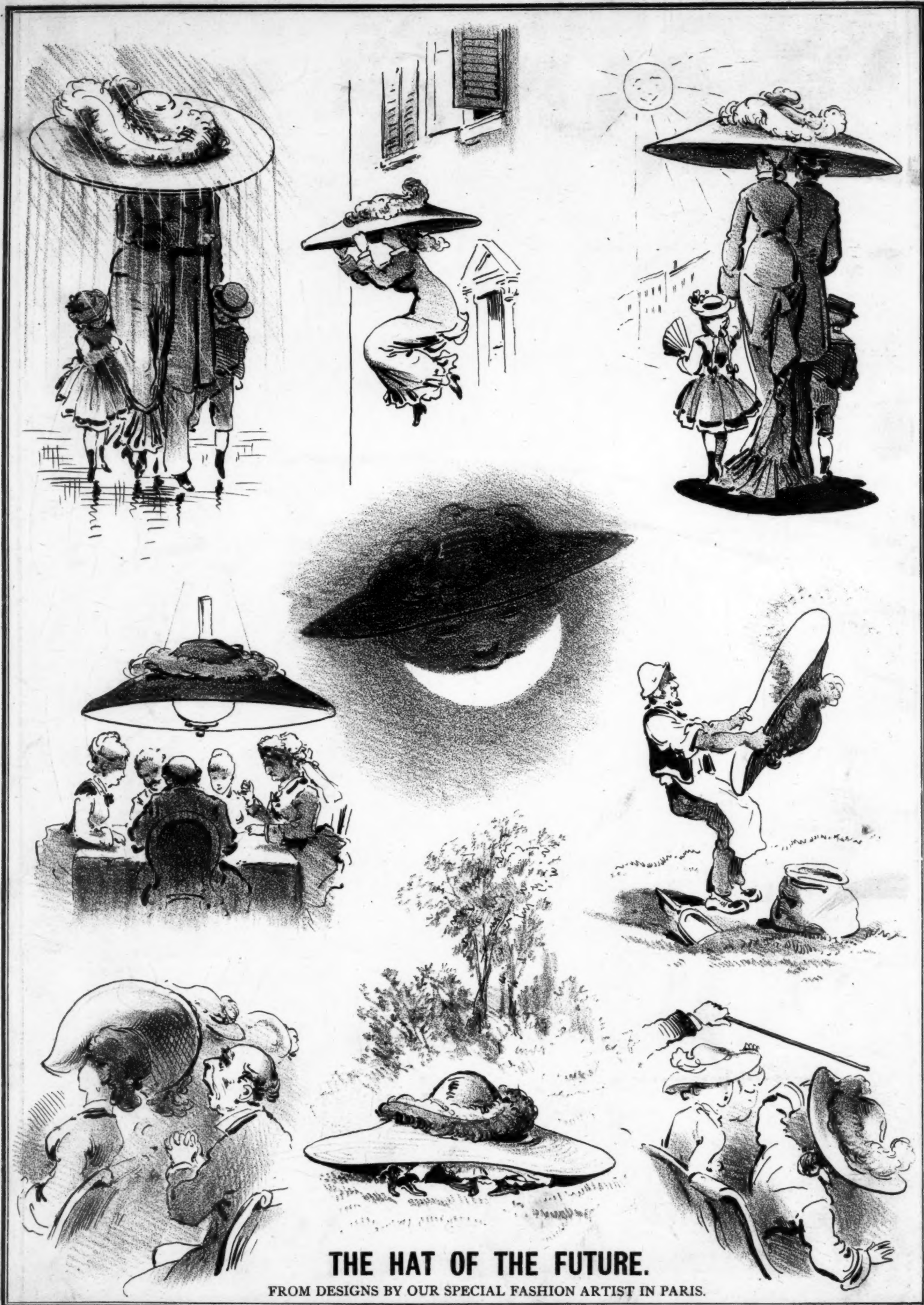


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